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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

WORTH WHILE.

I pray Thee, Lord, that when it comes to me
To say I will follow Truth and Thee,
Or choose instead to win, as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth,—

Grant me great Father, from a hard-fought field,
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

Far better fall with face towards the goal
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,
Than ever to come to see myself prevail,
When to succeed, at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct Thou the event
As suits thy will! Where'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow.

—Edward Sanford Martin.

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

THE GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD.

Mr. Rockefeller Makes an Additional Donation of Ten Million Dollars.

The latest contribution from the Rockefeller millions is to the General Education Board, which Mr. Rockefeller founded in 1905. The $10,000,000 given a few days ago has brought the total fund up to $53,000,000. The board now has unrestricted control of most of this fund, although when established it was limited to the disposal of the interest only, at least during the lifetime of Mr. Rockefeller and his son. Having come later to the conclusion that a perpetual trust might not be for the best, all restrictions have been removed by Mr. Rockefeller, and the board is at liberty to dispose of principal as well as interest.

In acknowledging this recent gift, the board wrote Mr. Rockefeller as follows:

"The general education board acknowledges the receipt of the communication from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., stating your purpose, on or before August 1, 1909, to add to the permanent endowment of the board an additional sum of $10,000,000.

"The board accepts with gratitude this new proof of your generosity, your zeal for an educated citizenship in this democracy, and your confidence, and will endeavor to use the gift with large-mindedness and good sense to the end that the interest of society in the republic may be increasingly benefitted by this great foundation.

"The Board begs to acknowledge also the receipt of your personal communication, wherein you authorize and empower the Board and its successors, under wise and proper regulations, whenever in their discretion it shall seem wise, to distribute the principal of this fund and all other endowment funds hitherto contributed by you to this board.

"The board accepts this release from the obligation to hold these funds in perpetuity or as an endowemnt with a clear appreciation of the wisdom, the long look ahead and the faith in the future manifested in the authorization. The members of the General Education Board as a body corporate and as individuals are like minded in their understanding of your high purpose in this large undertaking and in their own determination to use the power you have given them for the public welfare, with patience, judgment and justice."

It was the wish of the donor when this fund was established that only those colleges and universities "of strong growth, creative forces, and with future development and a demand for their existence" should be aided from it.

A Southern California college which made application a year or two ago was refused on the ground that the large number of colleges in that region precluded the promise of the desired development on the part of any of them.

We do not believe that the position was well taken. But that was the judgment of the board, or of Mr. Rockefeller himself, who at that time had reserved a part of the fund for disposal by himself or son.

During the few years that this foundation has been in existence the colleges and universities of the United States have been aided by it to the extent of $3,937,500. Offers of this amount in the aggregate were made provided that additional sums amounting to $14,037,500 were raised by the educational institutions.

About forty institutions have received gifts, and there are about three hundred applications now pending. Among the institutions promised aid recently is Wooster University, Ohio,—$150,000 provided $600,000 be raised.

A few years ago Mr. Rockefeller told of the beginning of the pleasure he has had in giving: "When I was fourteen years old I did all I could to help a little parish pay off a debt of about two thousand dollars on a church to which I belonged. It was one of the keenest pleasures of my life. It was there that I acquired the taste for giving and for influencing others to give."

Among the members of the board having the disposal of these millions are ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, and Andrew Carnegie. The other members are: Frederick T. Gates, chairman; George Foster Peabody, treasurer; Wallace Buttrick, secretary; E. C. Sage, assistant secretary; L. G. Myers, assistant treasurer; Robert C. Ogden, Walter H. Page, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Albert Shaw, Starr J. Murphy, Hugh H. Hanna, E. Benjamin Andrews, Edwin A. Alderman, Hollis B. Frissell, Harry Pratt Judson, and Edgar L. Marston, who was elected recently to succeed the late Morris K. Jessup.

We understand that it is from this fund that Whitman College, at Walla Walla, Washington, is hoping to secure such aid as will enable it with what it can raise in the Pacific Northwest to become ere long to that region of the country what Yale has long been to the East.

RETURNING PROSPERITY.

The prediction of Mr. James J. Hill of more prosperous days near at hand is a welcome one, and one which it is hoped will be fulfilled. His statement is that the prosperity will equal if it does not surpass that of the McKinley administration. All this it is thought will come about soon after the tariff question is settled. In many parts of the country there is already a fair measure of prosperity and with the abounding crops that are promised realized the wave ought to become general. This is said to have been the busiest summer for Connecticut manufacturers for several years. A correspondent writes that no such era of factory building as that in which that part of New England is in can be remembered.

A Pittsburgh correspondent writes in the financial department of a leading Eastern paper that there is a wide-

spread anticipation that 1910 will mark a new high level in business throughout the country. Word comes from Chicago that jobbers have about fifteen per cent more goods sold for fall trade than they had at this time last year.

There is no doubt now that there will be a large corn crop in the corn-growing states. And oats and hay have in the East and middle West the best promise for years. As to wheat in many parts of the East, the yield will be record-breaking.

For all grains the estimate is for 5,062,500,000 bushels, which is 722,500,000 more than was produced in 1908.

When fruit is considered, it is evident that Californians have no reason to complain. The yield has been excellent, and prices fair.

All in all there seems to be good reason for Mr. Hill's remark that freight cars will be at a premium soon.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The days since the Fourth of July have increased the number of deaths from accidents caused by our "insane" method of celebrating. On July the 14th the number reported was 112.

Professor Osler has passed his 60th birthday without asking anybody to chloroform him; nor has anyone volunteered his services for that purpose. It is said that the Professor shows more elasticity at 60 than many men do at 30 or 40.

The Rev. Johnston Myers of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Chicago, who has led in the opposition against Professor George Burman Foster of the University of Chicago, says that he will soon publish a book setting forth what he calls the "disgraceful" teachings, not only of Professor Foster, but of Professor Herbert L. Willett, Frederick Starr and Theodore G. Soares. He declares that Foster is "a disgrace to the church," that Soares denies the divinity of Jesus, and that the others have "false views of women." The divinity school of the Univeristy of Chicago with which these professors are connected has at its summer session 224 students. There are 86 Baptists, 31 Methodists, 20 Disciples, 15 Presbyterians, and 16 are Jews.

THE MEXICAN RACE TRACK PROJECT.

Concerning this the Rev. Dr. Thorp of the First Congregational Church of San Diego spoke as follows in a recent sermon:

"The men back of this project probably count themselves good citizens. The sentiment of patriotism is probably as strong in them as in their neighbors. In case of war they would very likely go to the front and fight, and even die for their country. It probably has never occurred to them that what they are now doing has any bearing on their patriotism or their good citizenship.

"But consider a moment. The state of California, following the lead of other progressive states, has passed a lity the laws of your state? What sort of patriotism is a menace to the common weal. And here is a group of men, citizens of this state, living under the protection of its laws as to their persons and property—a protection they would be very loath to forfeit. They conceive the idea of slipping over a boundary line and enriching themselves by establishing for the patronage of the people of California a center of that very thing which has just been outlawed by its government. What kind of citizenship is that, to nullify the laws of your state? What sort of patiotism is that, to slip over a boundary line and get a foreign power to give you a concession by which you can defeat the intention of your country's laws?

"And yet, as I say, I have no doubt these men mean to be good citizens. They have not grasped the bearings of this thing they have put their hands to. When they see it in its true light I am confident that they will realize that it is dirty work, and they will prefer that they should not be the ones to soil their hands with it. They will say there are plenty of other ways in which we can make money in San Diego without stooping to schemes like that.

"Our city has never been more critically at the parting of the ways than in this matter. Will it consent to enrich itself by becoming the last stand for those race track gamblers who are being banished from every other part of the country? That will be to make the name of San Diego infamous throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"It is high time we waked up and realized what is taking place. As soon as we see how this thing involves patriotism and good citizenship and respect for law, and the fair fame of our city, as well as the moral welfare of the community, I am confident we shall be of one mind in demanding that a halt be called before it is too late."

The Rev. Shelton Bissell of Long Beach, who heard Dr. Thorp's sermon writes us:

"It was a strong appeal for 'Moral Education,' or, as Mr. Thorp put it, "the necessity to make the connections between the great and general ethical principle, for which most men stand in the abstract, and the specific concrete act or undertaking, which, when rightly classified, may be seen to violate those principles.

"Mr. Thorp tells me that, so far as he knows, there has been no concerted,—scarcely an individual remonstrance against this plan, on the part of San Diego citizens. to nullify the sovereign law of the state."

CHINESE MISSIONS AND WOMEN TEACHERS.

Is There Danger In These Associations? Dr. Baldwin Says No.

The murder recently of Miss Elsie Sigel, a missionary worker among the Chinese in New York City, has led not a few people in the East to an expression of the opinion that women ought not to be allowed to engage in such work. Among those who have undertaken to show the folly of such generalizations is the Rev. Dr. C. G. Baldwin, who has been at Dayton, Ohio, for several months settling an estate.

We quote from Dr. Baldwin's article in the Dayton Journal:

"I have resided for twenty years in California, where we have the best opportunity in America to study the Chinese people. I have had rather exceptional opportunity to observe the social and religious work done among them, having been for some years a director of a corporation which, since the earthquake and the fire, has erected a thirty-thousand-dollar building in the heart of 'Chinatown,' San Francisco, to educate and Christianize them. Possibly my statement of facts and expression of opinion might aid some of your readers at this time of excitement occasioned by the murder of Miss Elsie Sigel by a Chinaman.

"In the year 1895 I first met a young Chinaman about

twenty years of age who had come to this country as a poor laborer from the region of Canton. He became a Christian later in a mission school in one of the towns of central California and afterward received some education in classics conducted by the corporation of which I have spoken above. When I met him he was acting as typewriter to the headquarters of the Salvation Army in San Francisco. I was at that time president of Pomona College in Southern California, and, regarding him as good 'raw material' for the institution, I urged him to attend the school and secure a liberal education. He studied at Pomona six or seven years, took his A. B. from the State University of California, a higher degree at Columbia University, was then called by cablegram home three years ago to an important school position under the Chinese government in Canton, and has within the past year taken the highest examination in the Chinese empire under the new system of learning and obtained, with five others, the highest literary degree ever issued by China. He now holds one of the most important positions as head of the introduction of western learning into the empire of China through its translation into the Chinese language.

"Now what kind of a man is this young Chinaman? I speak as one who knows him intimately, having advised with him at important crises of his life during the ten eventful years preceding his return to China.

"No man who has any comprehension of the religious and moral life of Jesus Christ the Galilean, would doubt for a moment the religious quality of this man's life. He is a man—a citizen of the world. By common consent he was the most acceptable public speaker among the three hundred students at Ponoma. He was the least self-conscious man among them, the most receptive to high ideals, and the most nearly an ideal Christian gentleman. Since his return to China he has married a Chinese woman educated in a mission school in that country.

"I have personal acquaintance with scores of Chinese Christians who rank high in their Christian ideals; and there are thousands of Chinese men who give to our Chinese work in California far more liberally than any body of American Christians contribute to their churches. I speak of what I myself know. There is no truer or abler man in my own denomination of the Pacific coast than the man who inaugurated and has since continuously fostered the Christian work among the Chinese in the various branches managed by the corporation of which I have spoken. Almost all his force of workers are choice women —not girls. There has been no marriage or love affair among them.

"It is not unaccountable or significant that a romantic young girl should fall in love with an intelligent Chinaman. It would not be strange that he should fall in love with her, and that the course of their love should not run smooth. It is not impossible that a Chinaman should be a hypocrite. I have known a few pure Anglo-Saxons who were such. It is folly to generalize from this particular incident. Crimes by Chinese against American women are almost unheard of. There is no basis for the thought that they constitute a menace to our women. Women are the main teachers in all our evening schools and Sunday-schools and as safely so as in our day schools for American children and adults. I presume the corporation to which I alluded employs not less than one hundred white women teachers to every white man employed and the idea of-danger has never been mentioned in our board meetings. We appoint teachers, not sentimental school girls. No conclusion of any scientific value can be drawn from this incident."

THE DEADLY MOSQUITO.

The Portland Oregonian gives account of the suicide of a man near Vancouver, Washington, to which it is thought he was driven by the torture inflicted by great swarms of mosquitos. It does not seem possible. But the mosquito has long been one of man's greatest enemies. Someone remarked lately that it had been more destructive of life than all the wars from Alexander to Napoleon.

Of interest in this connection is the following account of the introduction at the Isthmus of Panama of a species of fish for the extermination of mosquitos in that locality:

A species of fish popularly known as "millions" (giradinus poeciloides) indigenous to the waters of the Island of Barbadoes in the West Indies, has been brought to the Isthmus of Panama recently in connection with the work of mosquito extermination. These fish belong to the group broadly known as top minnows, so called from always feeding at or near the surface of the water, from which the structure of their mouth and habit of swimming with a large portion of their back out of water adapt them. This habit in connection with their small size is of especial value as it enables them to secure their food by pursuing it across plants and masses of algae, over which there is only a thin film of water. They derive their name from the great schools in which they are found, are very small, never over one and one-half inches long, and are found in stagnant sluggish, and running water, either fresh or brackish.

The group to which they belong is omnivorous, but it has been discovered that if mosquito larvae are accessible the "millions" will eat it in preference to other food; and they are said to eat the adult mosquito also. They ascend streams against a swift current and penetrate into the smallest rivulets. The species is viviparous, that is, their young rae born alive and not hatched from eggs. This aids in their rapid multiplication, as the young rapidly moving fish are less exposed to enemies than they would be if hatched from eggs. They are very hardy and stand transportation well, which makes them especially valuable for stocking the waters of the Isthmus.

The absence of malaria in Barbadoes has been attributed to the presence of these fish, by their destruction of the larvae of malaria-carrying mosquitos. While there is some doubt as to this, they undoubtedly play a very important part in the control of mosquito breeding on that island. While there are species of fish on the Isthmus that are voracious eaters of mosquito larvae, it has been found impossible to depend entirely upon them for mosquito destruction under all circumstances and it is thought the introduction of "millions" will be a very efficient aid.

About two hundred fish will be placed temporarily in the tank in the court of the Administration Building at Ancon. When they are acclimated and breeding is well under way they will be distriubted to the streams and reservoirs where their assistance may be needed. While of great value in the extermination of anopheles mosquitoes, the "millions" are useless under natural conditions against stegomyia, which breed exclusively in artificial water containers, such as cisterns, rain barrels, old cans, etc. In many cases,

however, they may be placed advantageously in tubs containing water plants to preevnt the multiplication of mosquitos.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON AT POMONA.

The baccalaureate sermon at Pomona College, Claremont, California, was given by President Gates, who resigned a few weeks ago from the presidency of the college because of a much needed rest from the arduous duties therewith.

The sermon, which was on the text, "I am debtor to Greeks and to barbarians," is spoken of as an inspiring message. It was in part as follows:

"There are many kinds of debt and infinite degrees of obligation under each. The kinds can be perhaps adequately gathered into three principal classes. First, the commonplace debts of transaction—the paying back of what one has borrowed in a simply business way. The borrowing or purchasing on the one hand and the payment on the other is almost mechanical. It can easily move into the ethical realm by being unethically neglected. The sin of carelessness in such matters is not trivial. This side of flagrant wickedness there are few more disastrous habit a young man can allow to grow upon him. That the fact is as "common" as "the commonplace" is not an excuse but the deeper condemnation.

Second, there are the debts resting on special favors received, calling for reciprocating favors, under the law and light of gratitude. The beauty of the virtue of gratitude may be measured against the baseness and contemptibility of ingratitude. There are fewer meaner sins than ingratitude. Yet moralist observers of human nature tell us that ingratitude is the commonest of human sins.

But gratitude—the generous recognition of favors—is a temper of mind which both ennobles him who cherishes it, and ministers gratefully to him who receives such return.

The grounds of gratitude are as the sands of the seashore in number. This, too, is theoretically a very commonplace. Any right minded man's attitude in the universe involves recognition of so much. It ought to be impossible for beings endowed with reason that they should not with conscious gratitude acknowledge what they owe to those who have wrought out human history for us. What desert is in us, that the results of toils, aspirations, achievements of men in all ages have been poured into our laps? It is as if the fairy tale were true that around our infancy stood all the hosts of inventors, teachers, workers, discoverers of additions to human comfort: all means of travel, all learnings, all triumphs of mind, were crowded upon us without our even knowing of their existence, much less asking for them. Even a Greek or a Roman at their best could not have dreamed of such possibilities of a united and friendly world as we have today. Why not look at the common places of life in the light of some high sentiment. Just that sentiment is another one of our debts of obligation.

There is a natural hunger in the heart of man for someone to whom he may say "thank you" for the very gift of life. There was an atheist once who became a Christian by seeking to find response to just that soul hunger. For one cannot be thankful to an impersonal universe. If the universe has just ground us out in the order of its mechanical operations, there is no room for high gratitude. If there be no soul and mind at the heart of things that are, sweet gratitude is slain. One cannot thank the air for being sweet, a strawberry for tasting good, or even a bird for its song. Gratitude goes with personality.

We cannot experience the most fundamental of human sentiments without crying forth by our acts, our natural belief that Spirit, i. e., mind and heart and will,, are the fundamental facts of the universe,—or, in simple language, that "in the beginning God."

As we think further and experience more, we find the grounds for gratitude less general, more heartily particular and special, and individually personal. Of this nearer God Jesus told us plainly. But it was hard to accept the great revelation. It was felt "too good to be true," that we have to do with a Father, interested in the minutest details of our lives. It took time, even the patient centuries, to adjust our philosophy to the gospel truth.

All that is, is a vast onward sweep of time, progress, change, development, growth toward some ulterior end, which shall never come, for the reason that infinity cannot be exhausted. We are in debt to the patient thinkers and reverent students of thousands of thousands of years. Unto some such vision as that, surpassing the wildest flight of the imagination in glory, has modern thought brought us.

Now, under such conditions of thought, God is either "Not at all or All in All." There is no middle ground. And all that is only the fruitage of the simple gospel Jesus brought, when he taught the world to look up with wide-eyed confidence and say in glad humble faith, "Our Father." Thus as we are speaking of gratitude, we find that for this modest virtue of common thankfulness, we have eternal, cosmic foundation, luminous truth of God's immanence in this world must have some content of meaning and outcome of process or we may as well dismiss it as of only sentimental value, or even less. "God is in his world," in a nearer and realer sense than the thought of man has hitherto dared to think. Well is it said: "It is either that or nothing." We can look up and say "Thank you," for God's leadership in the humblest details of our lives.

In such a view of God and the world what matter the little troubles, the passing shadows, pleasures and pains, successes and failures as the world counts such? What a triumph of faith every life may be! It is a free gift, this human life of ours. We did not earn it, much less have deserved it.

But—objection appears. That is the ideal world. Look about and see if such be the actual world. There are some places of savagery left on the earth yet, and some of the worst are the industrial savagaries in the midst of our claimed civilization. The fault is not with God's world. Somehow we don't handle it very nearly right, do we? It isn't quite like what Jesus said: Look at the birds, they do not toil so terribly; yet they have enough.

This brings us face to face with the third and really chief meaning of Paul's noble exclamation: I am debtor. This is the debt of privilege. "I am debtor," says Paul, to all. Debtor on what account? not for what he had received from them—but he was under the most solemn obligation to do what he could for them: in short, debtor to bring them the best of all he had, to preach the gospel to them.

That is the new note struck into the music of this world's activities, when Jesus came. Obligation not on the ground of favors received, but on the ground of ability due to favors. Debt, not the duty to pay off old scores, but the privilege of initiating a new score. Here is a new

measure for debt: viz., not desert, but need of those to whom the debt of ministry was to be paid.

We have here the very heart of the gospel on its positive side. We have the element of the gospel that means action. This Christian obligation is at once inspiration to activity, and determinant of the direction of activity. We owe service in bringing about the Kingdom of God on earth.

It makes no difference what line of life we choose, where, or when. What we owe, our duty, is to lift at the burdens of life; be one of the attacking party at human problems; be able at least to be counted as one on the right side; but that is only "at least;" at more, or most, it is to be among the counters instead of merely the counted, to be a force, a leader, and factor in every good word and way and work.

This heart of the Gospel, touching activity; this recognition of debt-to-possibility,—we see exemplified very frankly in the world's missionary work. The spirit of true missionary work is one; its range of call and work is wide. It may be in church work as we oftenest think of it; but this divine spirit is too big for any one church, or all churches, to hold. Let us be broad-minded enough to recognize something of its own divine breadth and sweep.

The spirit of unselfish devotion to any cause of human good, is the gospel spirit. Livingstone was just as Christian in his exploring as in his praying or preachng. Grenfell's work as a physcian down in Labrador is just as divine as when he is talking of God.

One final consideration, we can never pay this Christian debt. Each payment-item enlarges the debt, and we would not have it otherwise. This is not oppression; it is inspiration. It is not injustice; the opposite would be cruel injustice. Suicide would seem natural, if we could, by using the highest, lose it. We are here dealing with a different law from exhaustion and supply. It is more nearly a law of expenditure, in order to more supply, freely impoverishing ourselves is the only way to enrich ourselves. The more we expend the more we have to spend, and yet again more, and of this there shall be no end.

And now a word to the Senior class. Our little human life is clothed on with majesty in the light of religion and revelation and inspiration. Education, from the least unto the greatest, may be unto the vision of our debt and the eternal paying of it. This is salvation, not so much from death, but rather unto life. With all our getting in college, may we not fail to get this "Wisdom" which is far above what men mostly agree to call wisdom. May we be found in the company of those who count it their highest privilege to be, with Paul, God's and man's debtors.

A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT IN AUSTRALIA.

Loyal L. Wirt.

I have been asked by the editor of The Pacific to give its readers an outline of a bit of work in which I was interested in a southern city where social conditions are vastly different from those to be found in older and cooler countries.

New conditions require new methods, and young people are not necessarily headed straight for destruction because in adjusting themselves to a changed environment they depart from the ways of their fathers.

I have ventured to draw the following picture to show that in substituting wholesale recreation and clean amusement for the evils organized righteousness would remove from every community, a large part of so-called institutional work can legitimately be undertaken by the municipality and the state, leaving the church to give itself to that spiritual ministry, felt by St. Peter to be its chief and peculiar function.

The great southern commonwealth lies two weeks nearer San Francisco than it does to London; terminates a straight sailing line from any of our western ports, with Honolulu and Manila dividing the distance into thirds; resembles California in climate and products,—and covets closer commercial, social and racial intercourse with America.

Our interest in our own possessions to the West has been so absorbing that we may have been unconscious of the rapid development the last decade has witnessed in the vast realms beyond, that only wait to be invited to market the rich products of their plantations, mines and forests through our western gateways.

But what San Francisco has failed to do, New York and New Orleans will no doubt be quick to seize upon when the Panama Canal brings the boundless wealth of Polynesia and Australasia, to say nothing of the Orient, to American warehouses for distribution to the markets of the world.

The nearest Australasian port is the city of Brisbane. Lying just below the tropic of Capricorn, its sub-tropical climate presents a peculiar problem to all religious and social workers, because the cultivation of home life in the ordinary sense is almost impossible.

The houses are built for the most part with wide verandas, and here the people eat, sleep, receive their visitors and practically live. During the warm, delightful evenings the well-lighted streets attract the young people, thousands of whom pour into beautiful Queen street every night and fill it from sidewalk to sidewalk, to the exclusion of vehicular traffic with a gay throng in white duck, summer silks and panama hats. But the poor are not there—nor little children, nor hard worked mothers, nor the tired factory girls, nor the aged—many of these are sitting on door steps or in hot, ill-ventilated tenements in side streets. The condition of the poor the year around in tropical cities may be imagined by remembering the suffering in New York City during the few hot days of summer.

As an incident following upon the federation of the Australian States, two large factories in the city of Brisbane were closed, and the business transferred to Sydney. For several years these buildings remained untenanted One was then sold to a brewing company for $25,000. The remaining and more valuable one stood in the very center of the city's most congested district. In the immediate vicinity were the homes of thousands of workers. As is usual in industrial centers, many of these were homes in name only. Young men and women, returning from work, could hardly be blamed for tarrying as short a time as possible in the bosom of the family. Out in the street there was at least fresh air, social life, such as it was. The toiler, who went forth in the evening a guest of diversion or amusement, had to take his choice between the cheap theater, the public house, or the street.

Here was a condition which called not for blame so much as for sympathy and help. It takes the stuff of which heroes are made to rear a large family on a small wage, keep sober, honest, and sweet-tempered in a sub-tropical climate.

About this time the "Congregationalist" printed an

illustrated article on Dr. John Scudder's People's Palace in Jersey City. The day after this home paper came to my table I passed the empty factory. "What an admirable People's Palace this building would make," I thought; "what a breathing place for the poor!" Dreams sometimes come true. This one did. When the vision was told to the owners of the building, they declared it no vision at all, but a practicable philanthropy; and offered to do their part to bring about its realization by granting the free use of the splendid property for a term of years and a check for $500 to start the subscription list.

On September 10, 1906, the movement was publicly launched, and christened the "Brisbane Institute of Social Service." By the 15th of April, 1907, the work of preparation was practically accomplished. Over $5,000 had been expended in making the necessary alterations, and in equipping the various departments.

By the cheerful aid of public-spirited merchants who freely gave of building material, and by the co-operation of generous friends throughout the state who sent in subscriptions, large and small, the Institute was opened on the 17th of April, free of debt, and with all bills paid. The opening ceremony was a memorable occasion, the Governor, Lord Chelmsford, who has in many ways shown his deep and kindly interest, making the address.

In opening its doors to the public the Institute made good its three aims:—

1. To give a right start in life to children of the poor under school age.

2. To supply a social and educational center for working boys and girls.

3. To provide a pleasant and profitable substitute for the street, and objectionable places of amusement.

This was done in the following ways:

The ground floor of the main building was converted into a first-class gymnasium. A member of Parliament, who took a special interest in athletics furnished and fully equipped this part of the building at his own charges. Besides the usual complete apparatus, lockers, shower baths and dressing-rooms for both men and women, a swimming pool 16 feet by 25 feet was provided.

The second floor was fitted up for the babies. A kindergarten (the first in Queensland) was opened, and became a blessing there as everywhere. But the feature which captured all hearts was the Creche. Here, working mothers, many of whose husbands had deserted them, could leave their babies on the way to work in the morning, calling for them again at night, to find that they had been bathed, fed, and well cared for throughout the day, and often clothed in new and clean garments. The trained nurse in charge of the Creche had instructions to refuse admission to no child; to relieve the need first, and investigate after if necessary was our rule.

The third floor was entirely given to a club for girls—factory and servant girls mostly. This suite of rooms was furnished by a widow in memory of her husband, and has proved a worthy memorial and investment. A large hall affords lectures, entertainments and dancing (girl with girl, no gentlemen are admitted except on rare occasions). Classes in all branches of domestic economy are taught. Games, music and sociability are enjoyed. Best of all the girls are off the street, and in the company of noble women, a committee of whom are present every evening.

Over all is the splendid Roof Garden, where the creche and kindergarten children play by day, and moonlight concerts and social gatherings are held at night.

A large annex is given up to boys and young men. One floor was fitted up as a billiard and temperance Spa. The other has been converted into a small hall for private theatricals, indoor socials, etc.

Not least successful of the many agencies for the poor, centering in the Institute, is the Naval Cadet Corps. The inspiration for the boys' work came from watching a gang of little toughs gambling with cards behind the bill boards near my window. A Boys' Club soon followed and became a leading feature of the Institute from the first. But it was not until after I left Brisbane that this club developed into a surprisingly effective and popular organization. One hundred uniforms were provided by a good friend of the Institute. The Royal Naval Commander co-operated, and gave the corps a sort of quasi-recognition. Occasionally the boys were taken for a cruise on a gunboat. Discipline, hard drilling, a wish to stand well with the officers and the refining influence of the splendid committee of gentlemen and ladies who have given of their time so generously to the Institute has simply wrought the inevitable miracle in these boys' lives.

It is gratifying to note that changes of administration have had no effect upon the vitality and increasing usefulness of this work. A Brisbane daily paper of June 1st just to hand, gives an extended report of the Third Annual Meeting, a brief extract from which may be of interest:

"Chief Gunner Mudford reported that since the last annual meeting the Boys' Club and Naval Cadet Corps had flourished beyond all expectations, and they were now overwhelmed with applications from boys wishing to join. The difficulty with regard to the supply of uniforms had been overcome. Over 100 boys had attended the Cleveland camp last Easter."

"The Girls' Club was stated to have added 141 members to its numbers during the past twelve months. The average evening attendance during the same peroid has been 178. The report also made reference to the club library, social gatherings, cooking lessons, the purchase of a new piano, and many other matters.

"The work of the creche and kindergarten was reported to be increasing. The daily average of children attending was now over 40 in the kindergarten, and over 30 in the creche. The committee found some difficulty in providing room for all the infants with the present space."

"The general balance sheet showed that the year had been opened with a bank credit balance of $2,745. Subscriptions, rents, membership fees, a Government grant of $1250, and sundry other sources of revenue had increased the income to $5,655. The credit balance at the present time stood at $750.

I know of no other institution of its kind which has been managed for three years by a board of directors composed of Jews, Catholics and Protestants of all shades and beliefs, and that wisely and amicably.

This social experiment has so far passed its experimental stage that other Australian cities are imitating many of its features, if not the Institution itself. That the Queensland government believes in its benefit to the state is shown by the inclusion of a $1250 subsidy toward its support, in the Annual Parliamentary Budget.

SOME VACATION EXPERIENCES.

Shelton Bissel.

The minister who will stick to the resolution to give his "barrel" a vacation at the same time that he himself is resting, in spite of the financial inducement to supply in other pulpits, may enjoy a privilege as stimulating as it is soothing. He may go with the multitude into the Lord's house, availing himself of usher, pew and offering plate while sitting incognito among the unordained laity, and may listen with great relish to the message from another brother's lips, if only he can successfully preserve his disguise to the very end, some fruitful and novel experiences may be his. Once let his clerical calling be suspected, however, and the charm is broken. Men greet him then as a shepherd, and not as one of the nibbling flock, like themselves.

With only three Sundays at my disposal, therefore, I determined steadfastly to be a layman. Sierra Madre was my first stopping place. The village, quiet, beautiful and salubrious, touching the fringe of the great mountains, is far enough aloof from the roaring city of Los Angeles to be rural, yet near enough to be washed by the ebbing and flowing tides of that metropolitan city, to be urban. Preserving the aesthetic and reposeful without sacrificing the thrifty and enterprising, it is a model suburban community. Dr. James M. Campbell of the Congregational church is much more than a denominational factotum. During his four years' residence in Sierra Madre he has not only revived and upbuilt the church but he has made a large place for himself in all the public affairs of the town, his broad and progressive spirit, literary achievements and willing personality having appealed strongly to the hearts and heads of all the villagers. With well-stored mind and large and sympathetic heart, Dr. Campbell combines in rare fashion scholarship with spirituality. On this quiet Sunday morning he turned away from the more aggressive and didactic side of the gospel, to the irenic and devotional aspect, and led his flock "into pastures of tender grass and beside waters of quietness" as he discoursed upon that thought in the Shepherd Psalm. We were exhorted to recruit our strength by lying down in the promises of God and taking His love for our pillow, and to find security and satisfaction in the study of the Word and attendance upon the services of worship. In the attentive congregation of some seventy-five or eight, was an unusual proportion of men who almost equaled the women in number. Not a few of the men, moreover, were young or in the prime of life, constituting, I am told, a church Brotherhood not less than half a hundred strong. Cordial greeting was extended to me at the close of the service, by a young man behind me, who thought he saw in me the new reporter in the local newspaper office. I could not be Jacob and take Esau's blessing, so I had to confess that news-gathering was not my business, though I kept my true calling still to myself. Later, at the door, Dr. Campbell greeted me, and introduced me to many of his people. Certainly no visitor here need ever feel the chill of an unsocial neglect.

From Sierra Madre to San Diego is something of a far cry. But I found Congregationalism on a firm and fair footing in our southermost California city. Since coming to First Church ten months ago, Dr. Willard B. Thorp has assumed a place of commanding influence in the community . The new mayor and not a few of the city officials are connected with his church, and this makes it possible for him to exert more than a sectarian influence. I found a body of worshippers assembled that almost filled the spacious auditorium, and fringed out into the chapel, which was thrown open for the occasion. Dr. Thorpe has not neglected the aesthetic and ritualistic side of his ministry, as the beautiful music of his quartette choir and the responsive reading and familiar Episcopal invocation, uttered in unison, amply testified. This enriching of the service is peculiarly acceptable, emphasizing as it does the liturgical aspirations of our Congregational folk. The sermon, from the Master's words on the cross, "They know not what they do," was a plea, given with consummate force and cogency, for the articulating of great and generally held ethical principles, with individual and specific actions in our daily life. Admitting that most men are sincere when they assert their loyalty to the virtues of honesty, justice, temperance and patriotism, we must admit also that there is very generally a deplorable lack of connection between these virtues and the every day actions of these same men in commerce, business and finance. Special attention was drawn to the fact that San Diego citizens were back of a project to establish a racetrack at Tia Juana, just across the Mexican border, only fifteen miles distant. The promoters of this scheme are presumably patriotic, law-abiding and estimable men, but they are in reality proving themselves unpatriotic and dangerous citizens, by virtually attempting to annul the sovereign law of California against racetrack gambling, by taking advantage of a boundary-line, and will make the name of San Diego a by-word and hissing from Maine to California. Yet presumably this very sinister and disastrous consequence has never fully dawned upon the minds of these well-known and respected men. It is only by making the connections between universal priciples and specific deeds, that our characters are truly educated in morality.

It is to be hoped that this, the first public utterance against an infamous project, will be followed by such an earnest and hearty second of civic sentiment, that the plan will be abandoned. That one of our ministers should have been the leader in the fight in San Diego is gratifying and encouraging.

In Pasadena, on my third and last Sunday morning I heard Dr. Matt Hughes, the eloquent Methodist preacher. He, too, struck the note of moral obligations, though dwelling upon the fact of national obliquity. Like the prodigal, the American people have received from their Father the portion of goods falling to them, and have, too generally, turned their backs upon Christian sentiments and actions, and are wasting in foolishness and worse, the patrimony they owe to godly fathers.

HIGH HOPES FOR LOWLY INDIANS.

Saratoga, July 4th, 1909.

To California Friends:

You will be glad indeed to learn that the God of all grace still stirs the souls of his saints for these who have been the lowliest people under our flag. The purposeful patience of Miss Cornelia Taber, the gracious wisdom of Judge Haven's daughter, Mrs. Edwards, the devotion of the field agent, Mr. C. E. Kelsey, and the flaming and inspiring eloquence of Rev. Geo. L. Spinning are to be followed by further practical work for our red brethren. The money Congress has granted to purchase non-forfeitable homes for those who have been repeatedly evicted with barbaric brutality is but one sign that slumbering consciences are awakened. Christmas boxes cheer but they do

not rebuild long depressed life. Practical education along the lines of Booker Washington's marvelous work at Tuskegee is the sound and Christian step of true progress. This requires intelligent and practiced leadership. This factor of our California progress seems to have been found in the coming of Rev. J. E. Wolfe of Oklahoma to our state. Heaven seems to have sent him. Our climate has drawn him and he feels a deep personal gratitude for the Providence which has healed him to splendid health. He is now studying our peculiar situation, and by the time friends can reach him with their invitations he will be ready to testify in inspiring and suggestive terms to the progress which sound religion and genuine humanity have wrought for the varied tribes of Indians in Oklahoma. Brother Wolfe has distinct gifts as a speaker. His heart is in his words and work. He does not ask for collections but for a hearing. Will not pastors and brethren send fraternal letters to this new worker at Mt. Hermon and invite him to their pulpits.

Faithfully,
Edwin Sidney Williams.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Topic for August 1.—Life Lessons From the Book of Acts. Acts 27: 18-44.

One of the most important books in the New Testament is the Acts of the Apostles, because it gives us the thought of the first followers of Jesus concerning Him. The Apostles, who had been with Jesus during His ministry, had accompanied Him during His sufferings, had seen Him crucified, and buried, now stand as witnesses to all ages, of the resurrection which "Proved Him to be the Son of God with power." The conceptions of Jesus which we form must ever revert to what these men who first proclaimed Him, believed Him to be. St. Luke is particularly strong in assisting us to this, for he writes in 1: 8 that to the Apostles, Jesus "presented himself alive after his passion by many proofs, appearing unto them for the space of forty days and speaking the things concerning the kingdom of God."

The mission of the Church is one of the great lessons from the Acts. The Church is not an institution, an organism. It must take on the form of an institution, but that is variant. It is a great mistake to think the form of the modern church must reseble that of the Apostolic times; but it is equally a mistake to think that its life and mission differs. To hold Christ up to the world as Saviour and Lord, and to minister to the world as Christ did, ever must be the mission of the Church that is clothed with power. When our Lord was departing this world, He carefully instructed His disciples about "Another Helper" who was to be sent from the Father, to abide in the Church forever. The book we are studying has been called The Acts of the Holy Spirit. Trace these acts from the Day of Pentecost throughout the entire career of the early Church, and try to realize that this Spirit is to abide in the Church "forever." Much misconception has come to the world concerning the Spirit, because the one manifestation of the day of Pentecost has been so inordinately emphasized. But as the age before Christ was that of God, whom Jesus revealed as Father, and as the age of the manifestation of Jesus was that of the Christ, so this is the age of the Holy Spirit. A recent writer has called it the "Dynamic of Christianity." Note how St. Luke carries out his thesis of "Power" by the various deductions of the Spirit's workings, whether in the Church,—the body of believers,—or in the individual. Note also how the emphasis is on the same line that Paul indicates in his words to the Corinthian disciples, I Cor. 12: 31. These Christians earnestly desired the extraordinary bestowal of the Spirit, but Paul says, "A most excellent way show I unto you," and then pours forth that wonderful description of the first fruit of the Spirit—**Love.**

Still another life lesson centres in "Witnessing." This is the corresponding act of disciples with that of the Spirit. He witnesses,—the disciples witness—through them. The Apostles had a special witness to bear concerning the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus. The witness we bear is of what Christ has done for us, and what the Spirit is doing in us. When anyone is saved by the power of Christ, and his life shows it, there can be no gainsaying the witness that is thus borne. It is unanswerable as a testimony to the power of the Saviour. When anyone is impelled by the Spirit to a life of ministering to others, whether it be in bestowing his means, giving his talents, setting himself apart for Christian ministry, or missionary work, these are all testimonies to the motive of his life. The engine that drives the giant steamship through the waters is a testimony to the power, unseen, that lurks in the boilers and impels the machinery. So our lives, in their deeds, give evidence of the impelling power, whether it be self, or whether it be the Spirit.

THE CURING OF WILLIAM HICKS.

Bill Hicks had asthma—shook the floors
With each recurring paroxysm;
The doctors made him live outdoors,
And that gave him the rheumatism.

The doctors cured his rheumatiz;
Of that there was never a question.
Strong acids stopped those pains of his,
But left him ill of indigestion.

Dyspepsia fled before a course
Of eating grain. It would delight us
To cheer this plan till we were hoarse—
But Hicks then had appendicitis.

He rallied from the surgeon's knife,
And lay six weeks without a quiver.
The operation saved his life—
The loafing, though, knocked out his liver.

To cure his liver troubles he
Tried muscle stunts—you know how they go
From liver ills he then was free,
But all the strains gave him lumbago.

Lumbago is a painful thing;
A masseuse with a visage solemn
Rubbed the lumbago out by spring,
But twisted poor Bill's spinal column.

To rid his backbone of the twist
They used some braces. They were careless;
The padding for his head they missed;
This made him straight, and left him hairless.

Drugs were prescribed to grow his hair.
They acted just as represented;
They put his scalp in good repair,
But soaked in and left Hicks demented.

Then to a sanatorium
They took Bill. He was wisely treated;
His brain with health began to hum—
Then asthma!—ward was poorly heated.

"More open air," the doctors said.
Bill Hicks cried: "No, you shall not lure me.
I'll stay here in peace upon my bed,
And shoot the man that tries to cure me!"
—The Saturday Evening Post.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Pond had the pleasure last Sunday of occupying the pulpit which he filled for more than thirty years—that of Bethany Church, San Francisco.

"The Social Experiment in Australia" by the Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, which he has written at our request, is a suggestive and valuable article. The message in it is, Go thou and do likewise.

The Rev. Ben F. Sargent and family have returned from the East. They will be at Guerneville for several weeks, where Mr. Sargent may be addressed by any churches desiring pulpit supply. He occupied the pulpit of the Mission Church in San Francisco last Sunday.

The Rev. E. J. Singer came down from Murphys early in this month for a short stay about the bay and supplied the Boulevard church near Fitchburg for two Sundays. Last Sunday Professor Tolson of Pacific Seminary was with the church. Services are held in a tent.

The Rev. George E. Soper of Pilgrim Church, Ponoma, is spending his vacation this year in the East, part of it on the Atlantic coast. Since January first of this year Mr. Soper has welcomed 69 persons into the Pilgrim fellowship, and a total of 363 since his pastorate began six years ago.

Professor E. C. Norton of Pomona College is spending his vacation in Berkeley and vicinity. Mrs. Norton was here for a while, but returned home early this week. Professor Norton is dean of Pomona, having been connected with the college almost from its inception. He has high rank among Pacific coast educators.

On Thursday afternoon, July 15th, fire from some unknown cause, destroyed two brooder houses on the ranch of Rev. Wm. H. Scudder at Petaluma. One house accomodated 1,500 chicks, the smaller one held 800. About 600 month-old chicks were broiled, and only the most strenucus efforts saved the dwelling house and other buildings.

The Rev. George De Kay doesn't get out of the work of the ministry though not in charge of a church for several years. During the last three years he has preached many Sundays. Last Sunday he was with the church in Mill Valley in the morning and with the North Berkeley church in the evening. The Sunday before he spoke in the Presbyterian church at Calistoga.

Recent report as to the apportionment plan adopted at its last meeting by the Southern California Conference of Congregational Churches is to the effect that it is working finely. Up to the last of June only one church in which action had been taken had failed to endorse it. The word is: "It meets the approval of business men everywhere." We believe that it ought to meet with such approval.

The Rev. R. C. Brooks is expected to speak in his old pulpit in Oakland the first Sunday morning in August. Next Sunday he is to have the pleasure of occupying a pew there and of hearing the gifted Mr. Lawson, his successor. Mr. Brooks is accompanied on his vacation trip by Mrs. Brooks, and by her mother, Mrs. Todd, and their large circle of friends hereabouts are delighted in that they will remain in California several weeks.

The Rev. Shelton Bissel of the First Church, of Long Beach having returned from his vacation with augmented strength physically and spiritually has begun a series of Sunday evening sermons on the question, What Constitutes a Christian City? These will be with special reference to Long Beach. Among the topics will be: The Educational System and the Bible, the Bugaboo of the Public School; Business Life and the Legitimate Sphere of the Knocker; The Home and How It Must Meet Modern Housing Conditions.

A writer in The Evangel, which is published by Plymouth Church, Long Beach, says: "The people of Plymouth Church will long treasure in memory the beautiful service of last Sunday evening—the reading, by our pastor, Mr. Booth, of his original story 'Onesimus, the Slave'—based on the book of Philemon. All the barriers that time, distince and a different civilization can draw between us and the eye of Onesimus seemed removed. The blue skies of Phrygia, the marble palaces and glorious courts of the homes in Colosse, her people, the Greeks with their refinement and learning, their corrupt religion and slaves, the dungeons, all were made a realistic setting for the story." It is worthy of note that "the pulpit phone" told Mr. Booth's story of Onesimus to several persons who were not able to leave their homes that evening.

The Rev. N. C. Gause of San Francisco is spending a part of his vacation attending other church services. Last Sunday he was at St. Mary's Cathedral at the eleven o'clock mass and was greatly impressed by the service throughout. He says that he felt the presence of the Spirit as soon as he entered the Cathedral. The sermon which he heard was one which he thinks would be acceptable in any of our Congregational pulpits. Sunday evening Mr. Gause attended service in one of the Christian Science churches in San Francisco, at which there were about 500 persons. The service was a repetition of that of the morning in the same church, of Scripture reading and readings from Mrs. Eddy's book. The visitor wondered how it was that such a service laid so strong a hold on so many people.

Monday evening of this week Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Chase of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley invited to their home a large number of the members of the church to meet the Rev. H. E. Peabody of Hartford, Connecticut, who has been supply during the pastor's vacation. It was one of those delightful occasions that unite

more closely together those living in Christian fellowship. Mr. Peabody gives his last sermons in the church next Sunday, expecting to start on Monday on his homeward trip, going by way of Puget Sound and the Canadian Pacific. Already greatly attracted to the Pacific coast by what he has seen here and in Southern California, Oregon and Washington will add much thereto. Mr. Peabody's sermons in the Berkeley pulpit have been sermons of inspiration and helpfulness. Californians will part with him hoping to see more of him.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure last Monday of hearing the Rev W. R. Bair tell some of his experiences as a soldier in the civil war, in which he served for more than four years, being in 27 battles and marching finally with Sherman to the sea. Several years ago while a pastor in Kansas Mr. Bair gained the title of "The Flag Preacher." He had decorated his church with the Stars and Stripes. Five members who had fought on the Confederate side made strenuous objections, and the preacher declared that any man attempting to pull down the flag would be shot on the spot. The flag was'nt pulled down. Soon it came about that Mr. Bair was going around speaking in pulpits decorated with "Old Glory," and had fixed to him the title "The Flag Preacher." Among the incidents narrated by Mr. Bair was that of the singing in the night time on the field at Shiloh of "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and of the two wounded soldier boys, one on the Uuion side, the other on the Confederate, moved by its sweet strains, reaching out and clasping hands as they lay out there under the stars, and so passing out of this life into the life beyond. A beautiful tribute was paid to the mothers and sisters and sweethearts at home who in days of suspense and sadness wrote cheerfully to the loved ones at the front counseling them to stand by their colors.

Among the Churches

Guerneville.—Our church attendance has added greatly to its size and interest during the summer months by a goodly number of worshipful campers at the Russian River resorts, among whom are Professors Buckham and Castor of Pacific Theological Seminary, and their families. Our church had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Buckham last Sunday morning. Professor Castor preached to a large audience at Greenwood Park in the evening. Pastor will preach at Eaglenest the following Sunday evening. Eaglenest has eleven to twelve hundred people this summer. We rejoice in our larger opportunity to work, even though it is only during the vacation season. And we appreciate our privilege to share our church home with so many Christian men and women who are away from theirs.

WASHINGTON.

Malden.—The work in the new town of Malden, a division point on the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound railroad, has been under the care of Rev. Chas. H. Nellor, pastor of the Congregational church of Rosalia since the first of last December. Through his earnest efforts the people have been held together, making it possible for State Evangelist D. H. Reed to hold a series of special meetings during the past ten days. Mr. Reed succeeded in raising several hundred dollars in addition to the sum previously raised for the purpose of building a suitable church building on the foundation already laid, in the near future. This building will be inclosed at once, and the lecture room of the church will be completed for use until the main auditorium can be finished and furnished.. A further outcome of the efforts put forth on this field was the organization of a church of 19 members and a Ladies' Aid of 22 members, on Thursday, July 15, 1909.

OREGON LETTER.

The Highland Church, Portland, Rev. E. S. Bollinger pastor, had its communion service last Sunday at twilight. Five new members were admitted to the church. The influence of this body of believers is steadily increasing in its neighborhood, and an excellent work is being wrought. "Enthusiasm" in everything it undertatkes is the keynote of this church.

Eleven members united with the First Church at its communion last Sunday. A number of the Baptist brethren, delegates to the great Baptist Convention just closed, were present and partook of the communion.

Speaking of the Northern Baptist Convention, it was stated to me by one of the statistical members that the number of delegates present was 1388; laymen in addition, 400; that 33 states and countries were represented; that it was the largest delegate body of Baptists that ever assembled at any place in the United States; and lastly, that the results of the Convention, through the adoption of well defined and unified plans for future work, particularly in respect to missionary questions, were destined to be of great benefit to the future of this branch of the Christian Army. In many respects the "new departure" was decidedly radical, as compared with previous methods; and some times the opposition to the proposed changes in administrative affairs was spirted, indeed. After full discussion, however, the reports setting forth the changes, prepared by committees of the ablest and most consecrated men of the denomination, were carried by an overwhelming majority. The harmonious spirit of the Convention throughout was largely the result of the splendid qualifications of the presiding officer, Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, president of the Chicago University. He was tactful, eminently fair, and ready for any emergency which might arise.

The fifteenth meeting of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Assembly began at Gladstone Park last Tuesday. The programme this year is excellent in every detail. Some of the leading speakers were Congregationalists. Rev. Frank G. Smith, D.D., of the Warren Avenue Congregational Church, Chicago, and Rev. Elmer I. Goshen, D.D., of the First Congregational Church, Salt Lake City, were the principal lecturers for the week just closed. Dr. Goshen has charge of the Bible study class throughout the entire session, which will end on July 18th.

Salem essays to be the "Cherry City" of Oregon, and it would seem as if it was rightfully entitled to the appellation. The fourth cherry fair closed this evening most successfully, and the exhibition of cherries was simply bewildering. Hundreds of persons were present from the principal states of the Union, and the unanimous voice of all that I came into touch with was that the exhibition surpassed in beauty anything they ever saw elsewhere.

The annual rally of the Woman's Missionary Societies of Oregon was held in the Portland First Church, June 30th. The meeting was largely attended, and an excellent programme rendered.

Through prolonged illness of his wife, Rev. George W. Hinman, the missionary to China who has been maintained by the Portland First Church for several years, was compelled recently to tender his resignation. This was reluctantly accepted by the church. Rev. Mr. Hoyt, a recent graduate from Bangor, and his wife, were chosen as his successors. They will visit Portland in October, unite with this church, and then go to their chosen field.

The communion service in the First Church, Salem, was observed today. Seven new members were received, three by baptism.

Salem, July 11, 1909.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

On July 10th the First Congregational Church of Wilsonville was organized with twenty charter members. Plans are being perfected for the erection of a house of worship, which will be the first in the place. Wilsonville is in the heart of an excellent farming and fruit growing region, and is located on the west bank of the Willamette river about twenty-two miles south of Portland, and on the Oregon Electric railroad to Salem, twenty-eight miles distant. At this point a steel bridge crosses the river, which is high enough to permit river steamboats to pass under it at all stages of water. This is the site of Boone's ferry, established sixty years ago by grandchildren of Daniel Boone, a native of Pennsylvania, who became famous as a pioneer in North Carolina, Kentucky and Missouri.

Returns from thirty-three Congregational Churches in this State show a gain of four hundred and twenty-three new members for the first six months of this year.

Preparations are under way for a vigorous campaign by the Anti-Saloon League of this State, Rev. J. R. Knodell, Superintendent, for the next fifteen months. Rev. P. A. Baker, D.D., Superintendent of the National League, and Dr. Wayne Wheeler, Superintendent of the League in Ohio, addressed a number of the city churches today.

Services will be held in the First Church of this city every Sunday during the vacation period, both morning and evening. The last will be a union service, four or five of the other Congregational churches of the city uniting with the First. The various Y.P.S.C.E. of the Congregational churches will also hold union services in the First Church.

A most important movement for the well being of this city was begun during the past week by Mr. William M. Ladd, president of the Y. M. C. A., by the appointment of an educational commission composed of fourteen members of that institution to make careful studies of public schools, parochial schools, business colleges, private schools, medical, dental and law schools, and all other phases of educational life here, with a view of securing exact information regarding the educational needs of the city, in order that the educational work to be carried on in the new Y. M. C. A. building, now rapidly approaching completion, may be planned along the most useful lines.

Portland, July 18, 1909.

THE HOME

MRS. LEW WALLACE.

A Gentlewoman of the Old School.

Susan Elston Wallace might well be described in that somewhat hackneyed term: "A gentlewoman of the old school." She loved the leisure of the old times that gave opportunity for courtesy and thoughtful kindliness. She had no sympathy with the rush and hurry of the present, the ever-increasing demands of society and public life that exhausted mind and body to no wholesome end. "If you ever write anything about me," she once said, long ago. "say that I was a good housekeeper." It could be said truthfully, for she had been trained in her home by her mother, who remained to her always the highest ideal of womanhood. She had a thorough knowledge of all the useful domestic arts.

In commenting upon the complaint of a friend, a well-known woman, the wife of a distinguished army officer who could get her clothes washed, but not ironed, in the out-of-the-way post where they were stationed, Mrs. Wallace said: "It never occurred to her that she might have done it herself, as you or I would have done." And this expressed perfectly her attitude toward every duty, the simplest as well as the greatest. She believed that every woman should have a practical knowledge of those tasks which she might be called upon, in emergency, to perform herself, or in which she might have to instruct others.

She was the daughter of Major I. C. Elston of Crawfordsville, Ind., where she was born December 25, 1830, and where she died October 2, 1907, lying, as her sister wrote, "asleep among her books for the few brief days before the grave closed over her and she was left to rest beside the dust of her husband." While not an invalid, she had always been physically feeble, and in one of her last letters she said: "How I have scrambled along seventy-six years I do not understand."

Never in her earlier years did she have any great love for society, and as time passed she secluded herself more and more, occupied with her correspondence, her books, and the oversight of her house, which she never relinquished. One day in the week, on Friday, she received her friends, and even strangers who chose to call. She drove a great deal, always delighting in the level country roads about the town, every inch of which was familiar to her, and to the quiet beauty of woods and fields which she passionately loved.

In the early spring of May, the last she was destined to see, she wrote: "The cold, late spring is not friendly to me, either in body or soul, but I am up and doing, housecleaning done, and am ready for the woods when the woods are ready for me. Dogwood and redbud are pinched and frozen, but are coming out."

* * *

From her earliest childhood she had a love for reading, which was her greatest pleasure, always, and a source of comfort and enjoyment almost to the last. During the Civil War, while General Wallace was in command at Baltimore, she spent much time in Washington with her sister, Mrs. J. M. Lane, who is still living in Crawfordsville.

She, too, is a woman of great culture and wide reading. Her husband was the senior senator from Indiana and a close personal friend of President Lincoln. Mrs. Lane was distinguished as a hostess and drew about her a very brilliant circle, the memories of which still survive. But it did not appeal to Mrs. Wallace. She preferred to slip away and hide herself among the books in some secluded corner in the congressional library. Here she often spent whole days.

She had an intense love for children and in the portioning out of the work required of her sisters and herself by her mother, she always asked to take care of the smaller children. They never troubled or worried her, and she had a ready ear always for their small grievances, and was never too much occupied to provide for their amusement; in this respect she never altered.

While looking after her small charges she had always a book in her pocket from which, now and then, she could snatch a moment's reading.

The old house in which her childhood was spent, and in which she was married, is still standing—unchanged—a large, comfortable brick mansion, some distance back from the street, surrounded by fine trees. It was the best house in the village and was famed for its hospitality. Mrs. Wallace was educated at a school near Quaker Hill, N. Y., where her mother's relatives lived. Among her accomplishments which she has acquired was a knowledge of the guitar, singing very sweetly to her own accompaniment.

General Wallace has written very frankly in his autobiography of his first acquaintance and courtship, so there can be no betrayal in reverting to this. While she could never have been called beautiful, Mrs. Wallace possessed great grace and charm of manner, and the man of her choice had many rivals. She was slender and erect and her carriage was dignified and easy; her eyes were dark gray, large, brilliant, and very expressive, her features regular, and her hair, which was silken and lustrous, was a warm shade of brown. Her voice was low, sweet, and well modulated, and when in the mood she talked delightfully, although she had keen wit that could be very caustic on occasion. Lew Wallace was the son of Governor Wallace of Indiana, and had returned from the Mexican War with all the prestige of adventure—a hero of no ordinary type He gave promise of brilliant genius even then, and was strikingly handsome, with jet black hair, piercing dark eyes, and olive complexion.

He was just the youth to ensnare the affection of a thoughtful, imaginative girl. The parents of Susan Elston, nowever, were practical people, and while they had no personal prejudice against him, they preferred to see their daughter married to one who gave better evidence of necessary business qualifications than the dashing young soldier could show. No objection could be made upon any other ground. The daughter, however, had made up her mind, and Mr. Wallace as well, and they were married May 6, 1852. A betrothal she regarded always as solemnly binding as marriage itself, "not lightly to be entered into," and she often talked with regret of the thoughtless manner in which the promise was given and broken, not once or twice, but many times. She considered it a natural forerunner of divorce, the spread of which she regarded with horror—as a menace to national life.

* * *

The young wife and husband first went to Covington, a small and then isolated hamlet on the Wabash river, where Mr. Wallace practiced law, returning to Crawfordsville before the breaking out of the Civil War. They occupied a tiny house and lived scrupulously within their small income with a fine sense of pride. She often recalled the happiness of those days, when she did much of the work of her house "with her own hands," took care of her son, an only child, the evenings spent in talk and reading, or music, the husband playing upon his violin and she upon her guitar.

Both were occupied with literary work in those early days, as in later years, but, with the wife the home was never neglected for either pen or book. It was said of Mrs. Wallace that she had been of great help toherhusband in the writing of his books. When asked of this, she said, jokingly: "There is no truth in it. I have made a thousand suggestions and he has never accepted one." But she did even more; she took upon herself all the troublesome details of business for which she had neither faculty nor liking, and so saved his precious time, which, otherwise, would have been needlessly frittered away. She was his right hand—his ever-vigilant memory. Not only did she take much upon her shoulders, personally, to spare him, but she had constantly to remind him of urgent duties which she could not perform as his substitute.

"I had to remind Mr. Wallace to vote—he had forgotten all about it," she said one election day. When "The Fair God" was published, and the merit and originality of the author were substantially proved, someone asked her if she were not surprised at the success of the book. "No," she replied, quietly, "I have known what he could do all these years."

* * *

During the Civil War she was often with her husband in the camp, and visited the hospitals, ministering to the sick and wounded. She also accompanied him to New Mexico when he was appointed governor of the territory by President Hayes. But she did not find the life in Santa Fe congenial. It has greatly changed since then. But there was great lack of comforts and conveniences to which she had been accustomed and her health suffered. An additional strain upon her nerves was the danger that hung over her husband, whose life had been threatened by a notorious outlaw, "Billy the Kid," who was finally shot while resisting arrest, and who boasted that he had killed a man for each of the twenty-one years he had lived. Mrs. Wallace's mother, a woman of great force of character and of superior mind, to whom she was tenderly attached, had died a short time before she accompanied her husband to New Mexico. In a letter at that time she wrote:

"I went with L—, a short time ago, on an official visit to a distant part of the territory. We camped at night in the open desert and the Apaches were not far away. The moon shed a flood of light over the bare earth. I lay awake in the ambulance which was my bed, and remembered that there in those solitudes I was as near my mother as I should be anywhere, and the thought comforted me." While the removal of the dreadful outlaw relieved Mrs. Wallace's anxiety as to her husband's safety, nevertheless she decided to return to Crawfordsville, where she joyfully celebrated Thanksgiving with a family dinner in her own house, which she hastily set in order for the occasion. That evening she sent me a note asking me to come over and lunch with her "off the remains of the cold turkey." I recall that delightful day most vividly. She was then living in a larger house, which she had built, surrounded by six acres of beau-

tiful, rolling grounds whose chief charm was many noble beeches, whose long, unpruned boughs swept the ground. We sat in her small sitting-room, with her desk in the place it always occupied beside a window opening upon a low balcony. Upon this balcony, in after years, a number of pet squirrels were in the habit of coming, pressing their paws and noses against the glass asking to be admitted. Nuts and crusts of bread were kept in her waste-paper basket which they well knew, for which they foraged fearlessly, taking the prize away through the window left ajar for them, to eat at their leisure in the trees near by.

On that day the little table was drawn up before the open fire on which she boiled coffee. She was a highly skilled cook, and much of that impromptu luncheon, dainty and delicious, was prepared by her own hands. We talked of many things, of people, of books, and travel, but the most interesting incident was the reading of the manuscript pages of "Ben Hur," recently finished, and which were received by that morning's mail from Santa Fe. Among the manuscript was "The Song of the Egyptian," which she read beautifully in her musical voice.

All her life she retained a great and lasting love for the poetry and novels of Walter Scott, and some of the novels of Bulwer, especially "What Will He Do With It?" She was extremely fond of quoting her favorite writers, having committed much to memory—both prose and verse—but she had little liking for the present-day poetry and fiction, except here and there some exceptional work that caught and held her fancy. Her appreciation of "Ben Hur" was almost reverential. She felt an intense pride and gratification in its wonderful success; in the praise it called forth from every source, in the many translations that were made of the book, and, by no means least of all, in the successful dramatization. Upon this point, General Wallace had been repeatedly approached for years, but he always refused to have the story adapted to the stage. Finally Mrs. Wallace with her usual good sense suggested that as it was certain to be done ultimately the author might as well enjoy the profits as a stranger. The syndicate that took the work in hand, sparing neither labor nor money, sent their representatives to Chawfordsville, a conference was held in the beautiful library among the beeches, and the plans were satisfactorily arranged. The royalties added greatly to the author's wealth, for by that time the sales of his book had made him a rich man. Both General Wallace and Mrs. Wallace went to New York to be present on the first night, concerning which she wrote:

"How little does the public realize the real facts in any case. While the audience was enraptured, we had our own trials. The dressmaker failed to send home my dress, L— had a raging toothache, the composer who had arranged the music was enraged at the omission of some of his best work and the dramatist at the cutting of some of his cherished lines. Many things went wrong of which the public was not aware, but which were afterwards remedied. So far as we were concerned, the stars were not in their happy houses that night."

She considered "The Prince of India" much too long, and thought it should have been condensed into one volume, but was not able to persuade her husband to accept her views. But she also had great admiration for this work, and after his death kept it at hand, reading often the philosophy of Balthazar, in which she deeply sympathized.—Mary H. Krout in Northwest Christian Advocate.

Young People

LITTLE THINGS.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire,
A little thing; but her mother smiled;
And banished all her care,
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad,
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do
For a sturdy lad like Ned,
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring the wood from the shed;
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done,
"I am thankful," said he,
"As I can be
For the gift of such a son."

Only small things, but they brighten the life,
Or shadow it with care;
But little things, yet they mold a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses
The power of little things.

THE STORY OF "GINGER."

Aunt Priscilla came tripping over to our house one morning, and as she came in she called out:

"Have you seen Ginger?"

Mother and I answered both together in a breath, "No, why?"

"Because he's been out all night and hasn't come back yet, and he's never done such a thing before since he was born. And I don't know where he can be."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," said mother. "He'll come back all right before long. Ginger has found something very exciting to detain him, you may be sure—squirrels or mice or birds or something. But Ginger knows more than some people; he'd find his way back home from—anywhere!"

"Well, I shall advertise, and send some one out to hunt for him," said aunty.

"Ginger" was a splendid, big black cat, not a white hair on him—all black from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.

The next day when aunty came in she had a newspaper in her hand, which was shaking with excitement.

"Gladys!" she cried, "Gladys dear, I know where Ginger is! P. T. Barnum has him and he's going around the country in a circus show!"

We looked at aunty as if we thought she had lost her wits. "Look at that," she said, and thrust the paper into mother's hand. "I was looking over some old papers before throwing them away," she went on, "when I happened to see it."

Mother looked at the spot aunty pointed out, and saw in big letters:

WANTED—For Barnum's Circus.
A big black cat without a white hair on him.
Will pay a good price.

"That's where he is!" wailed aunty, the tears running down her cheeks. "Some one stole him to sell to the circus, and I don't know where the circus is. It left here some time ago, and, oh! what will they do with poor Ginger, all shut up with lions and tigers and yaks and gnus and things! He'll be killed and eaten alive!"

Poor mother did not know what to say.

"Well, aunty," I said, "he'll be taken good care of so as to look well in the show—you can take some comfort in that."

But she only shuddered and replied:

"They'll make him jump through a paper hoop; they'll whip him till he does; they'll put him in with the tigers; they'll be brutal to him and destroy his mind and his manners. That's what they'll do."

The days went on, and Ginger did not come back. Poor aunty was quite changed.

One evening we had been invited over to her house to dine, and there was no place I liked to go better, because the more you see of Aunt Priscilla the more you love her. She always had the most wonderful thin old china and silver on the table, and gave me the loveliest things to eat, different from anybody else's, and always something new to look at or to play with. Well, we were sitting in the drawing-room, waiting for dinner to be served, when the paper boy came along and threw the paper on the steps. I heard him, and ran out to bring it in. There on the front page, in great black letters, the first thing I saw was:

"Great fire in Bridgeton. Barnum's big building, where the animals are housed for the winter, burned to the ground!"

I don't know how I ever dared to give the paper to Aunt Priscilla, I was so frightened. But I had to do it and then we listened while aunty read the account in a trembling voice.

"Ginger's dead!" she declared, when she had finished reading. "He's come to a horrible end!" And that night she lay awake all night.

She came over the next morning to say that she was going to take the train for Brigeton and find out. She could not stand the suspense another minute, and she would rather know the worst at once.

"Why, my dear, he may never have been with the circus at all," protested mother. "It's eighteen miles to Bridgeton, and I don't believe I'd go on such a chase."

"I shall leave on the noon train," said Aunt Priscilla in a set voice, and when she spoke like that we knew it was no use to say more. So she went over to pack her bag to take the noon train for Bridgeton, and I went over with her, and as we went into the sitting-room on the left of the front hall—what do you suppose we saw? Ginger, sitting up in the sunshine in his favorite old spot on the window-sill, calmly washing his face, and looking out at the landscape!

We could not believe our eyes, and aunty screamed right out. "Ginger!" she gasped, "you darling, you wonderful! Where did you come from?" and she stared and stared, and no wonder. Then we rushed up to the window-sill. Round Ginger's neck was a big collar with the name, "P. T. Barnum," let in on a silver plate, and holes had been bored in his ears and great perky crimson bows tied in each one.

"I can't believe it," said aunty. And I'd like to know who could? But Ginger just must have walked home that eighteen miles all alone, at night, over a strange road. She began pulling the bows out of his ears, but I cried, "O aunty, wait a minute!" and I ran out of the room. I went and took the biggest grace-hoop, and I got a piece of tissue paper and passed it over the hoop. Then I came in and held it up before Ginger, and I said, "Jump, Ginger!"

He looked at me and at the hoop a minute, then he gathered himself for a spring, and went head first through the hoop as prettily as you please! He lay down and rolled over, and then sat up on his hind legs and put his paws over his nose and made a little bow with his head!

"You certainly named him right, Prissie," laughed mother, for I had scampered over as fast as I could to bring her. "He's got more ginger than any cat I ever heard of!"

"Ginger," sighed aunty, all in a daze of delight, "O Ginger!"

And this is how Aunt Priscilla came to have a trick cat. —Winifred Ballard Blake.

ODD THINGS ABOUT ANIMALS.

Just as men have developed from their savage state into pleasant civilized beings, so naturally dogs and cats and horses and hogs and other domestic animals are very different from the wild things that were caught in the forest and trained to usefulness, but there are some habits inherited from their far-away ancestors which they still retain, and by which they are distinguished one from the other.

We never question, for instance, why a horse runs so swiftly and has such power of endurance, but we must remember that his ancestors had to flee from the wolves—their greatest enemies—and that their rearing and plunging was also a former means of defense if the enemy sprang on their backs. Their neigh was a watchword and call when wild horses went in droves, and some sort of a signal was necessary to keep them from straying.

Sheep, when frightened, always run to an elevation, because their ancestors originally came from the mountains. They always follow a leader, because in the dangerous mountain passes their ancestors had to go in single file.

Hogs grunt because their feeding grounds were thick woods, where they could not see one another, and sound was neccessary to keep them together.

Dogs have a way of turning around several times before they lie down. This looks very foolish now, but when they were wild things, centuries ago, they slept in the tall grass and turned around several times to hollow out a bed, and they have never outgrown this habit, but to this late day they will turn around on a rug, just as if it were in the tall grass.

Cats have, perhaps, the most traces of old ancestral habits. Many times they do have a trace of the lion or the tiger very near the surface. Their uncertain temper, their purring and growling, their sudden bounds, their tendency to scratch, all come from the forest and the jungle.

All these and many more traits can be found, but when we canter across country on our ponies and fatten our respectable hogs for the markets and make pets of our dogs and cats, we forget how far these have traveled, but that when the world was younger its live stock was of a very different order.—The Little Chronicle.

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